

"everything

is going

to be

alright,"

they said.



"i should be sorry if i had earthly fame. i wish to do nothing for profit. i wish to live for art." -william blake

iamnothing2



"everything"

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"alright,"

they said.

isam nothing Sprinton



"i should be sorry if i had earthly fame. i wish to do nothing for profit. i wish to live for art." -william blake

Jason -

I'm sorry this
took so long to get to
you... i'm trying to get
back on track now that
school's out but it's
just too hard to get
up in the mornings.

Take Care.

everything by phillip dwyer
unless noted otherwise.

is nothing

4462 Freeman Rd.

Marietta, GA

30062

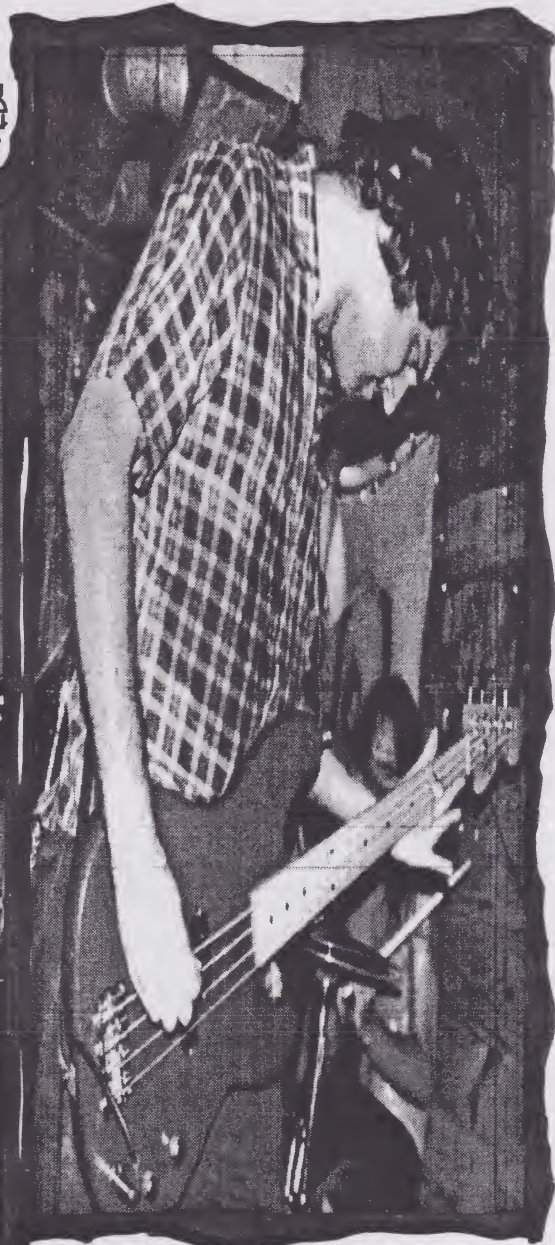
please write.

nite nite, sleep
tight...don't let the bed
bugs bite. easy words but
not easily taken. i was
eaten alive. untold evils
danced around my room
every night. i could see
them, and hear them, but
no one else cared. "go to
sleep," they'd say. they
wouldn't listen. they bit
me...all night the bed bugs
bit...and bit. sleep only
made them come back
stronger the next night.
the shadows were alive.
they taunted me with
silence. sometimes they
lived in the closet, other
times under the bed. they
came from all around,
peering out of the corners
and from behind
bookshelves. they
watched me and teased me
to the point of madness. i
just wanted to sleep.
sometimes they come
back...to let me know they
are still here. to see what
they've done. to see what
they've done to me. why
won't they let me sleep?
why won't they just leave
me alone?

STILL LIFE



INDIAN
SUMMER



JARA

i love this. i need this. this is what
makes me move. this is what makes me
scream. this is what makes me cry. this
is what makes me feel. without this i
would truly be nothing. i love this. i
need this. this is what keeps me alive.
this.. this is what keeps me alive..

no...nothing ever seems to work out right. i feel like i've been doomed to fail. one failure after another. it's gotten to the point where i just accept it. i sit in my chair and steam all day and all night but i never do anything about it. i just accept it. i whine and whine about how my life sucks but i have a roof over my head. i have parents that look after me. i have clothes to put on my back. i have food. the person down the street has nothing. the person down the street doesn't give a shit about how "cool" you are. the person down the street doesn't give a shit about how big your pants are. the person down the street doesn't give a shit about how vegan you are. the person down the street just wants to eat. the person down the street just wants to live. the person down the street would kill for my life. my life that "sucks." white, middle-class youth complaining about my life. kind of makes me sick to think about it.



ASHES

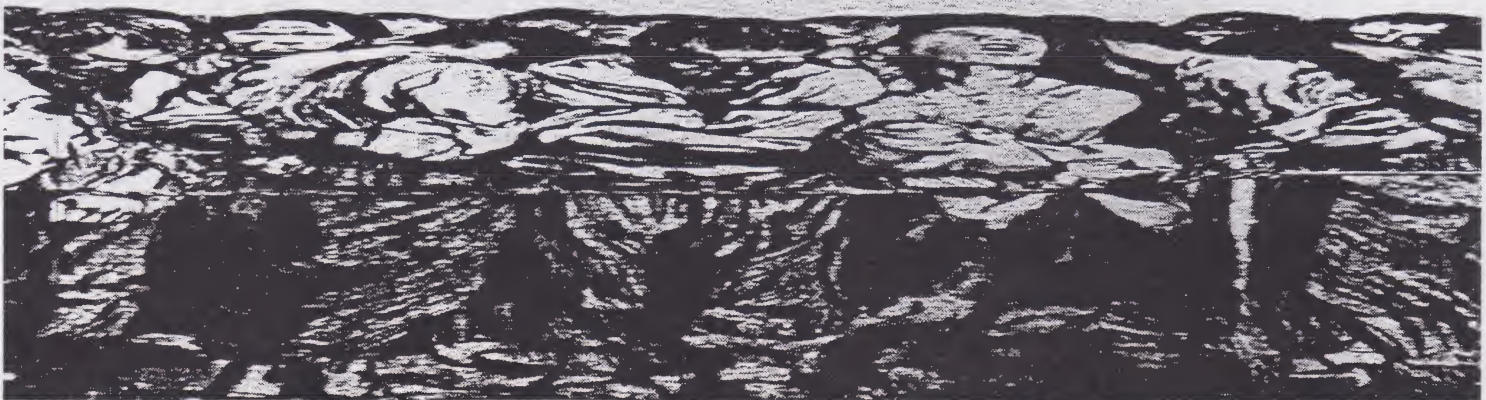
if i had the guts...

i wish i had the guts.
the barrel fits almost
perfectly in my mouth.
almost like it was made
for me. the taste of the
oil is addictive. i can't
seem to put it down. i
reach for it again and
again. i've tried to
wash it from my tongue
but i'm afraid i'm
beginning to like it. spit
or swallow. that's what
it all boils down to.
spit, once again. it is
disgusting. i wish i had
the guts to swallow. i
wish i had the guts to
pull the trigger.

...spit or swallow.

i am nothing i am nothing
i am nothing i am nothing
i am nothing i am nothing
i am nothing i am nothing

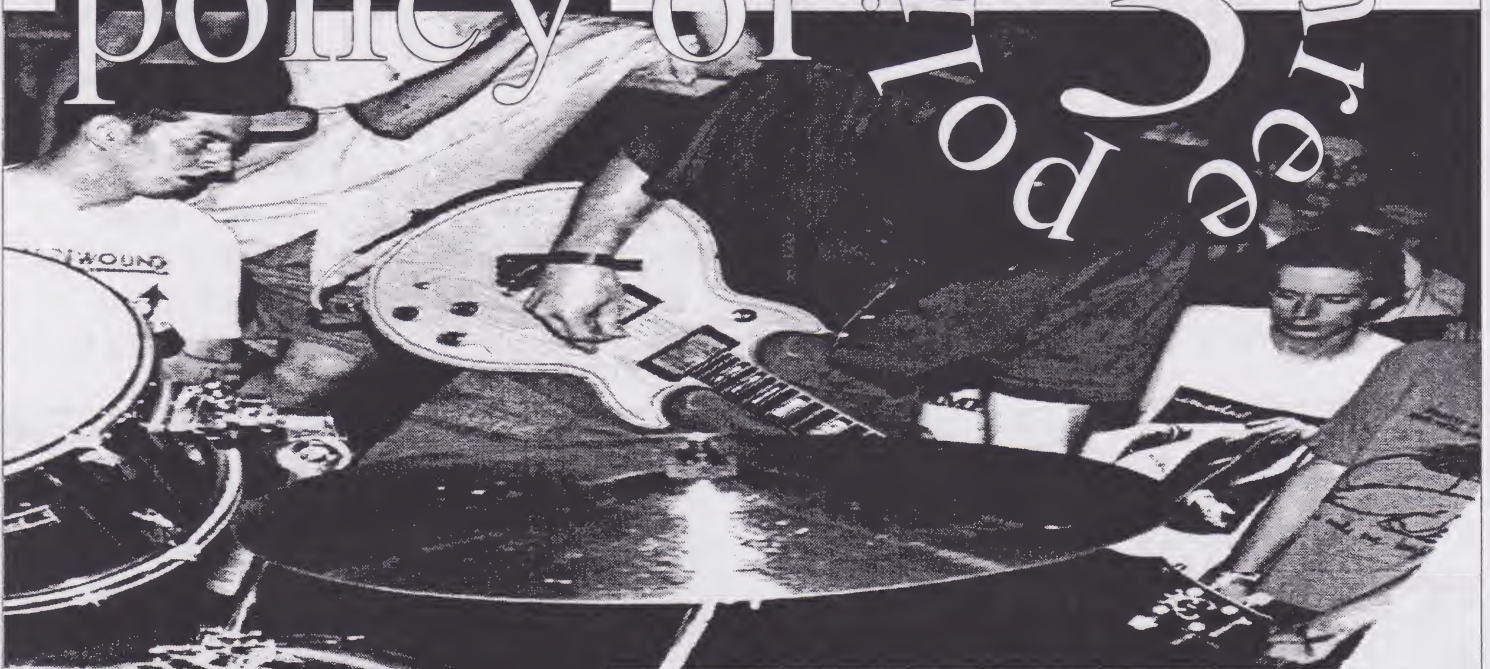
the sound of lips touching reminds me of the times lost. i sit in the dark corner and listen to the couple as i clench my hands in pain. the silent whispers back and forth. i can barely hear them...but i know what they are saying. i know that sound. more precisely, i knew that sound. i haven't heard it in quite some time. but this is almost deafening. i can't stand it. my ears are going to explode. i'll just stay here in the corner. they don't even know i'm here. i hate them. i hate me. i just want them to.....



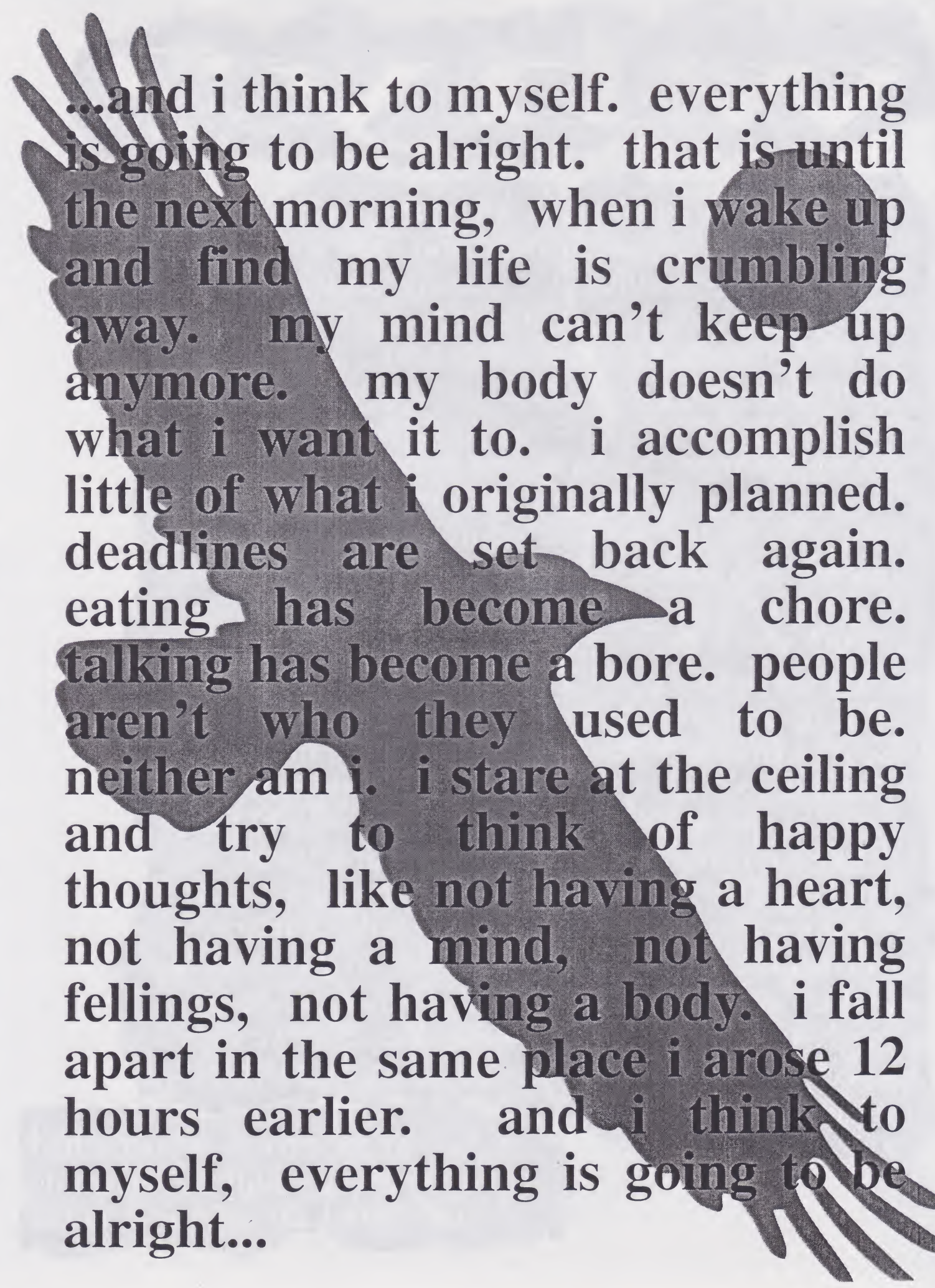
won't you
save me
save me
save me
save me
i can't seem
to go on like this

policy of

three



dayton, ohio. more than music 1994. i lost all my film except for
policy of three and ashes. my trip was ruined.

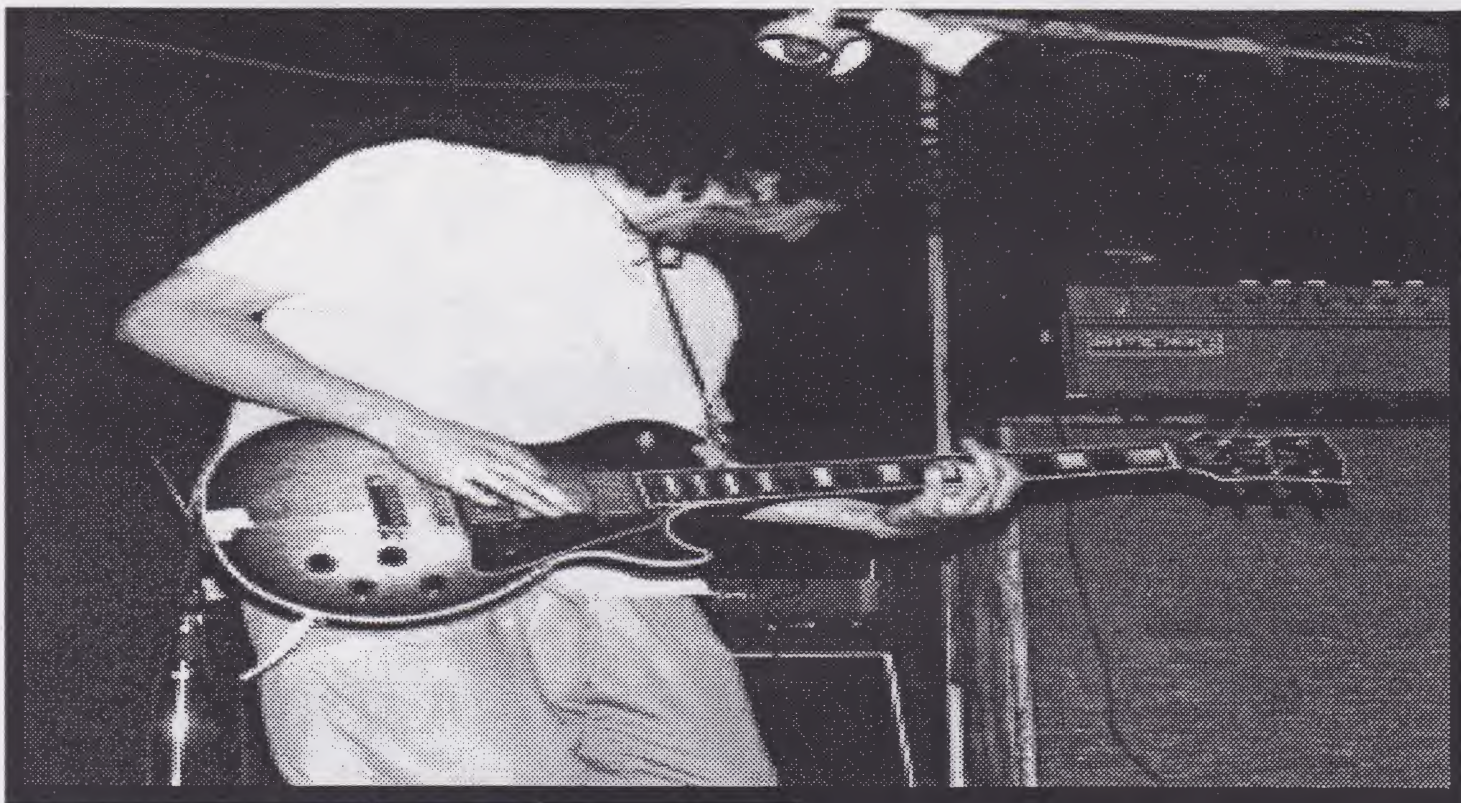


...and i think to myself. everything is going to be alright. that is until the next morning, when i wake up and find my life is crumbling away. my mind can't keep up anymore. my body doesn't do what i want it to. i accomplish little of what i originally planned. deadlines are set back again. eating has become a chore. talking has become a bore. people aren't who they used to be. neither am i. i stare at the ceiling and try to think of happy thoughts, like not having a heart, not having a mind, not having feelings, not having a body. i fall apart in the same place i arose 12 hours earlier. and i think to myself, everything is going to be alright...

why?

i simply do not understand. the questions seem to bounce around inside my head and i just cannot find the answers. sometimes the questions fill my consciousness, not allowing me to think of anything else and giving me the appearance of a starry-eyed daydreamer with the facial characteristics of a person about to cry. other times the questions stay in the back of my mind, allowing me to continue with everyday life. but they are still there, and they all begin with the word "why." why doesn't she feel the same way about me as i do about her? why can't she just give me a chance? why can't anything go right for me? why? the question resounds in my head like an echo in a deep cave, but instead of fading out it builds up into an unbearable scream. and when i can't take it anymore, i grasp my head, squint my eyes, and tense up my body. the pain slowly subsides. why? the questions come back again. i would treat her like a queen. i would treat her with respect. i would treat her like a human being, not like she's something that dwells beneath the earth's surface. i just wish for one chance. one chance to show her that she does deserve to be treated nice, that she does deserve to be loved, and that she does deserve respect. just one chance to show her how much i love her. just one chance.

by joe myers, who has had the unfortunate ability to contribute articles for i am nothing 1 and 2.



I lost myself when i looked in your eyes
 I tried to disguise myself. fear inside
 the suffering moved and breathed our hands
 silhouettes against the sky I lost myself
 when spoken words agreed. shall we dance again?

poems may promise

stolen pearl caught my eye stole the truth
 from my heart. fear inside

where were you hope to chain this memory?

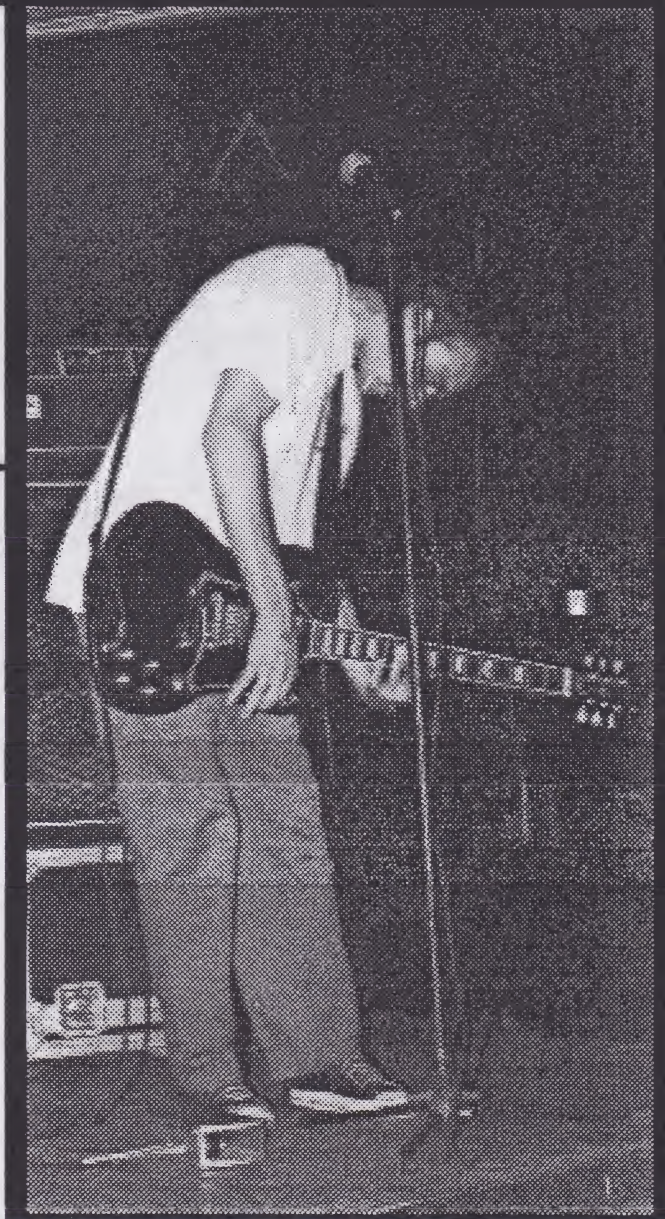
we could have been the last time. show me the
 sight of the side of chance. hold tomorrow one foot in and
 one foot out. are you strong enough?

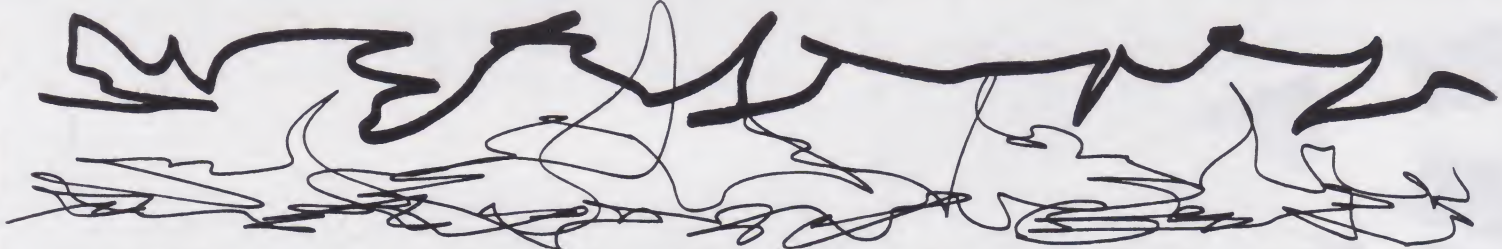
pityful boy. I lost myself in moments embrace

I saw the lie come clear. fear inside
 fallen now child run away I tried to reveal
 myself but fear inside where were you?

help unchain this memory

- sunny day real estate





...i'm so tired of playing with this
bow and arrow. i'll throw my ~~HEART~~
away, because i really don't need it
anymore. give me a reason to love you.

~~GIVE ME A REASON TO LOVE YOU.~~
give me a reason to breathe. it's
either time for living or time for ~~DYING~~

and right now it's just so hard to
~~BREATHE~~ can't anybody see? can't
anybody hear? is it really time to
die? ~~GIVE ME A REASON~~

i can think of a few. it makes it
harder to wake up in the mornings, to
know your day really won't amount to
shit. but i guess that's ~~LIFE~~

the trouble is, i don't want to be
here anymore. i don't want to live
like this anymore. i don't want to
die, i just don't want to ~~B~~

that's not too much to ask. the spark
of life is growing dimmer. soon there
will be nothing left to ~~WORRY~~ nothing
left to wonder, and no reason for

" i e a s o n."



conspiracy corner

introduced by congressman newt gingrich and senator phil gramm in 1990, u.s. government document H.R. 4079 reads:

"guided by the principles that energized and sustained the mobilization of world war II, and in order to remove violent criminals from the streets and meet the extraordinary threat that is posed to the nation by the trafficking of illegal drugs, the congress declares the existance of a National Drug and Crime Emergency beginning on the date of enactment of the act and ending on the date that is five years after the date of enactment of this bill."

the bill goes on for 96 pages to propose draconian repression in the name of the War on Drugs, although we must remember that they are referring here to certain drugs such as marijuana and cocaine, whose manufacturers are not the beneficiaries of visible government subsidies such as those given to the far more lethal tobacco industry.

in complete disregard for the niceties of the u.s constitution and the bill of rights, the bill provides for the arrest of large numbers of people merely suspected of drug usage or drug dealing, and once arrested the suspected individuals would be incarcerated in one of many forced labor camps, including tent cities. all constitutional rights would be suspended upon arrest and there would be no provisions for humane housing and treatment.

the effect of a bill such as H.R. 4079 would be to create a metropolis-like sub-society of criminalized worker drones. if the government and it's masters are currently addicted to sucking the life-blood of the "masses" via income taxation and other means, think of the expanse of their greed when legally permitted to incarcerate large segments of the populace into profitable slave labor camps.

while viewed almost universally as an example of a power-crazed religious nut leading his followers to mass suicide, there is much about jim jones and jonestown that suggests this was not the entirety of the story - that the "mass suicide" at jonestown was not the accident it has been potrayed as. john judge's research has provided the primary source for the information about jonestown which follows.

tent evangelist jim jones migrated to brazil in 1961, ostensibly on a mission to minister to the downtrodden. during jones' stay, transportation and food were provided by the u.s. embassy, for unspecified reasons, and at the time jones confided to local residents that

they put something
in my HEAD

Jamestown

he was working for naval intelligence. dan mitrione, a lifetime friend of jones who worked with the cia providing interrogation and torture techniques to third world forces, accompanied him at the time.

returning to the u.s. after the completion of his mission in brazil, jones established the people's temple in ukiah, california, with electric fences, armed guards and guard dogs. while in ukiah, jones made connections with many influential people, including some who were involved in the military and clandestine agencies. during this period journalist kathy hunter reported seven deaths of temple members who had tried to leave the compound; hunter was to die later of unusual circumstances. jones mobilized his followers to help elect moscone as mayor of san francisco, and the mayor reciprocated by appointing jones as head of the s.f. housing commission. many of joe's followers were hired by the s.f. welfare dept., where it was easy to recruit large numbers of the poor and homeless for jones' "church."

throughout his career, many of joes' top associates and contributors had connections to the spy community. richard dwyer, cia operative and deputy chief of mission for the u.s. embassy in guyana, was present at jonestown - apparently in a friendly capacity - immediately prior to the grisly end. on tapes that record the massacre, jones can be heard shouting, "get dwyer out of here!" by his own admission dwyer was observed "stripping the dead" of wallets and other effects. john burke, who philip agee indicates has worked for the cia since 1963, attempted to prevent congressman ryan from investigating jonestown. in addition to obstructing ryan in his investigation of human rights violations at jonestown, the american embassy in guyana routinely provided jones with copies of all congressional inquiries about jonestown filed under the freedom of information act.

lawrence layton and his family were major financial backers of jones, furnishing him with hundreds of thousands of dollars. layton was chief of chemical and ecological warfare research at dugway proving grounds in utah and was later director of missile and satellite development at the navy propellant division at indian head, maryland. dugway proving grounds, interestingly enough, has been circumstantially connected to cattle mutilations, disease biowarfare, and genetics experimentation. layton's wife's fortune came from i.g. farben, the key nazi cartel, and the layton's daughter was married to george philip blakely, who had extensive

and it speaks to me.

it demands things.

really be...

holdings in solvay drugs, a division of i.g. blakely contributed financing to kones and was reported to have participated in other shadowy schemes, such as moving mercenaries from jonestown to cia-supported UNITAS forces in angola.

the guyana site for jonestown has several unusual characteristics. it is a rich location for a variety of minerals, and has been the site of much mining activity. plans to populate the area with cheap labor go back to at least 1919. charles garry, a lawyer of people's templesaid that jones and jonestown were "literally sitting on a gold mine," and mineralogical reports confirm the statement.

it may be illuminating to recall that jonestown was built during the time of the cia program M-K-Ultra and that the "target populaces" of this program, including blacks, prisoners, and women, are a precise statement of the population mix at jonestown - excluding the white male overseers.

when black members of the temple arrived in guyana they were bound and gagged and taken to the compound. while local inhabitants were aware of the whites living in the area and saw them in the course of their daily activities, they never saw the majority black population.

once locked in the compound, the blacks were worked 16-18 hours per day, with rations consisting of rice, bread and on occasion, it is said, tainted meat. all of the camp overseers were white (whereas 80% of jonestown's populace was black), and most were male. they were armed and enforced work and prevented escape. these overseers, according to reasearcher john judge, were not among the dead, and no attempt has been made to locate or prosecute them.

althought the camp doctor at jonestown kept meticulous notes and records of drugs administerd, all of his records disappeared. after the massacre enough drugs were found to have drugged 200,000 individuals for a year, this supposedly having been stockpiled as medication for a population of 1,100 persons. 11,000 doses of thorazine were found in camp stores, as well as sodium pentathol, chloral hydrate, thalium, haliopparael and largatil, these being tranquilizers or other psychoactive drugs.

\$500,000 was moved out of jonestownshortly before the mass murder or suicide, whatever it was. michael prokes, who carried the money, later shot himself at a press conference, where he claimed that he was an fbi agent.

the initial news coverage issued from the scene of the tragedy said that 400 people had died in a mass suicide, and that 700 had escaped into the jungle. later reports said that 913 had died. during the first press conference it was claime that the reason for the discrepency was that the guyanese who had done the initial investigation "could not count."



true

the cause of the deaths reported by dr. mootoo, a guyanese pathologist, was not cyanide, as the american press had reported. the victims showed none of the signs of cyanide poisoning, such as the "cyanide rictus." mootoo found needle marks on the necks of 80-90% of the victims, and came to the conclusion that all but two of the victims had been murdered, and had not, as the press reported, committed suicide.

the jonestown bodies were delivered to the united states after excessive delay and in states of decomposition that made autopsy impossible. all identification had been stripped from the bodies (by order of the cfr's zbigniew brezezinsky, the order communicated by lt. col. gordon dummer, later the deputy director of the cia) and there were official complaints that military coroners were performing illegal cremations.

there are questions as to whether jim jones really died at jonestown, although none of these have surfaced in the mainstream press. identifying chest tattoos do not show up on morgue photos of jones, and the face of the corpse is unrecognizable due to the degree of decomposition. the fbi checked the corpses fingerprints twice in the course of their investigation, although they did not consult dental records. at the time of the massacre, jones' finances were enormous, with estimates running from \$26 million to \$2 billion. he had also been known to employ doubles.

joyce shaw, a temple director, described jonestown as "some kind of horrible government experiments, or some sort of sick racial thing, a plan like that of the germans to exterminate the blacks." joseph holsinger, an aide to leo ryan, was even more explicit: "[the] possibility is that jonestown was a mass mind-control experiment by the cia as part of its M-K-Ultra program."

taken from the book Casebook on Alternative 3
by Jim Keith

... Kill ... and
sometimes I

DOOOO-

8.1.94

Even though I try not to let it get to me, I get so bummed sometimes. Today I saw the girl that I thought was perfect. She was with the guy that took my spot. It doesn't make sense some of the time. All of the time...

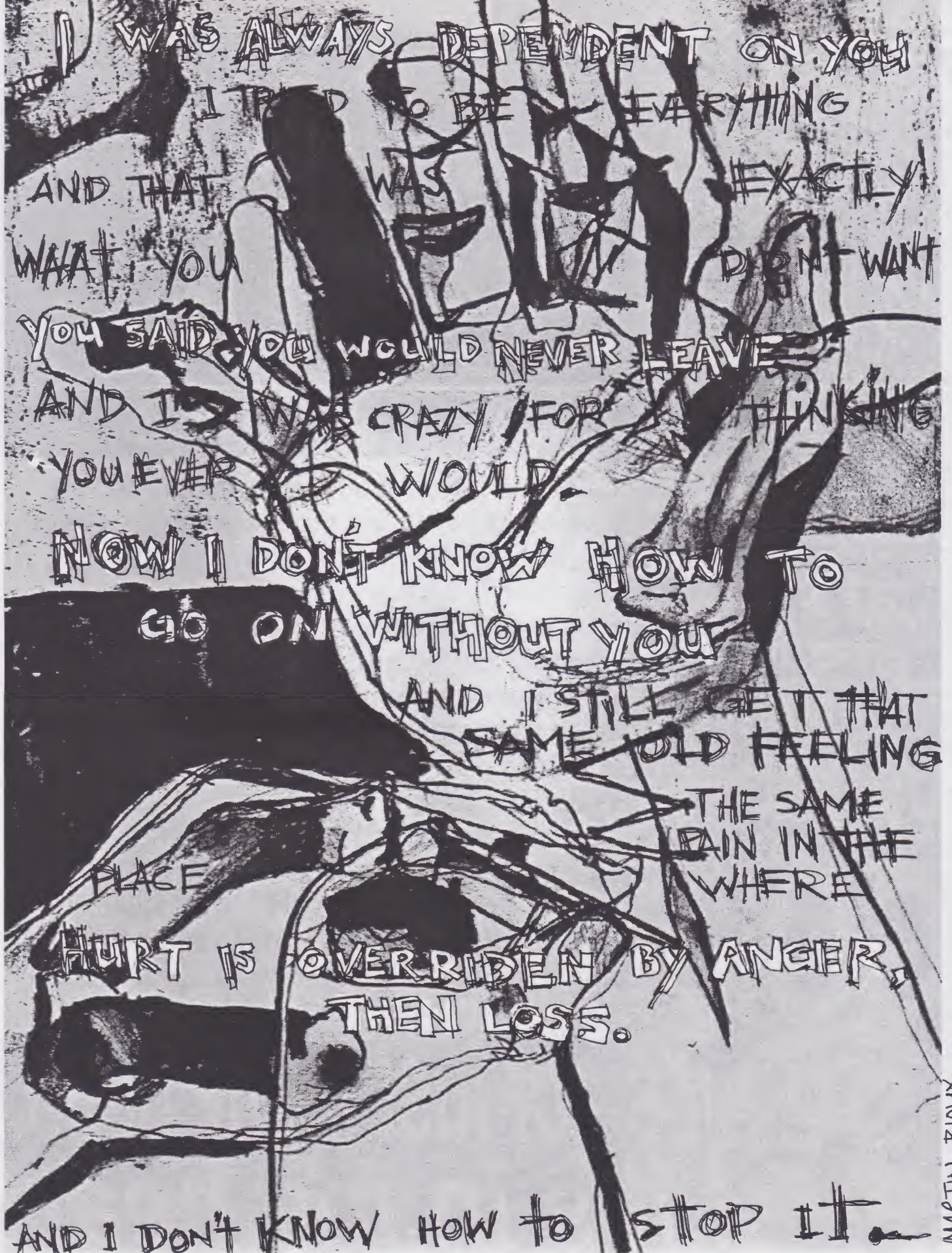
I try not to get excited or happy about a girl anymore, at least not right away. Getting excited prematurely only leads to problems down the line. It seems that every time I get happy about a girl, that's her cue to treat me like shit. Oh well. This has happened to me a lot in the last couple of years.

There are times when I get incredibly happy; girls are the furthest thing from my mind. I feel at peace then. Unfortunately, a sign advertising this pops up over me head, and that's the signal for a girl to show interest in me.

I kinda met a girl today. She was cool, as far as I could tell, and she seemed a tid bit interested in me. She smokes, maybe drinks too, but I know I'll never find a girl who's clean. Anyway, I'd like to talk to her. I hope she comes by tomorrow...

by erich lehman





I WAS ALWAYS DEPENDENT ON YOU
I TRIED TO BE EVERYTHING
AND THAT WAS EXACTLY
WHAT YOU DIDN'T WANT
YOU SAID YOU WOULD NEVER LEAVE
AND I WAS CRAZY FOR THINKING
YOU EVER WOULD.
NOW I DON'T KNOW HOW TO
GO ON WITHOUT YOU
AND I STILL GET THAT
SAME OLD FEELING
THE SAME
PAIN IN THE
PLACE WHERE
HURT IS OVERRIDEN BY ANGER,
THEN LOSS.
AND I DON'T KNOW HOW TO STOP IT.

XXX

dayspring

yeah yeah
STRAIGHT EDGE

and all that stuff
people just
don't seem to

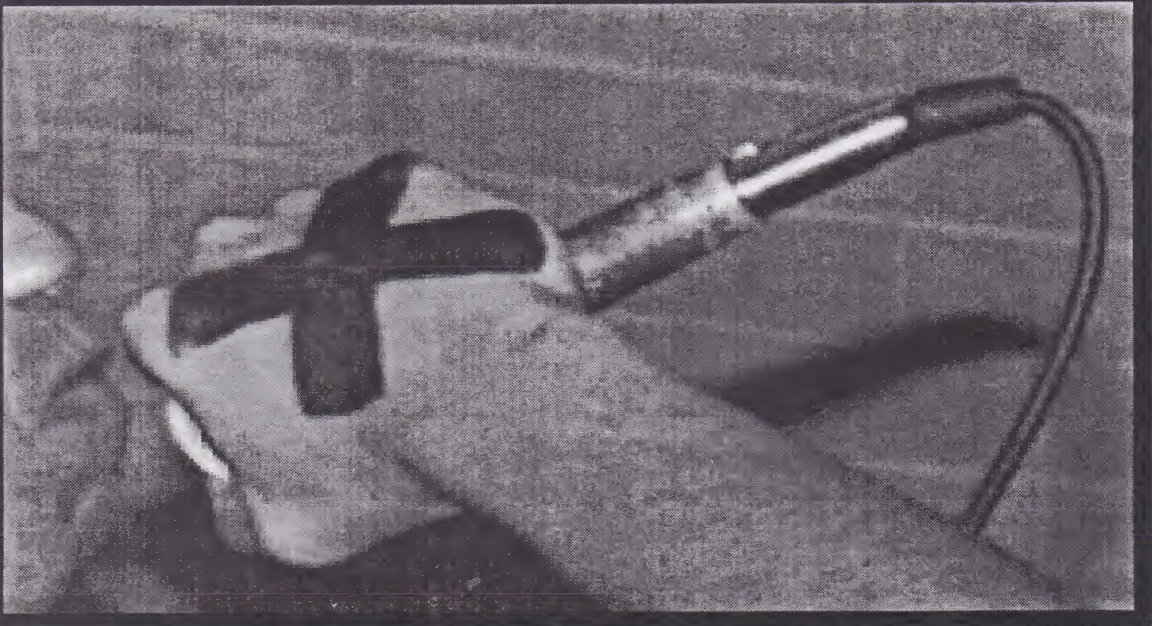
CARE
anymore
nothing is
being accomplished

and as i
get older
i'm beginning to

wonder
what it was
that we
were ever
trying to
accomplish

XXXXXX
STRAIGHT
EDGE

GO!



i'm sick...sick of what we have become. we are being bought and sold and no one seems to mind. i'm tired...tired of the people on the stage screaming for my approval. i'm tired of their empty words and promises for change. this music/lifestyle can be a weapon in the right hands. a weapon that will open the eyes of the blind. open the ears of the deaf. and open the hearts of everyone. but it really doesn't matter we will continue to buy the records, wear the shirts, create "scenes" in which to display our so-called "anger." we will accomplish nothing. we will never be taken seriously. three quarters of us will leave after the music is over and not hear a damn thing. i'm just sick...i'm weak...i'm tired...i want to go home...i want to go to sleep.

*it's not just in my head...
..it's in my heart.*

...what i could have...

...longing for you...

...if you were with me...

...i'm slowly killing myself...

i go through pain everyday and night thinking of what i could have if i were another man. this holds me down and this puts a stronghold on my one-ness with myself. i have a longing for you deep in my heart. can you tell? does it show through? or is it covered with lies and acts of self righteousness? i wonder to myself how much things would be different if you were with me but this only makes the pain worse. because right now i'm slowly killing myself with thoughts of how pleasurable things would be if you were here with me...

do you feel the same or am i leading myself on?

j.w.m.

at times i feel so weak. so helpless. stupid
shit brings me down. if and only i had you
there would be no problem. you gave me
strength. everyday i tell myself that i'm
going to call you. but i never do. i'm too
afraid and maybe it's best that i don't call.
sometimes you're better off not knowing.



by ellen katz

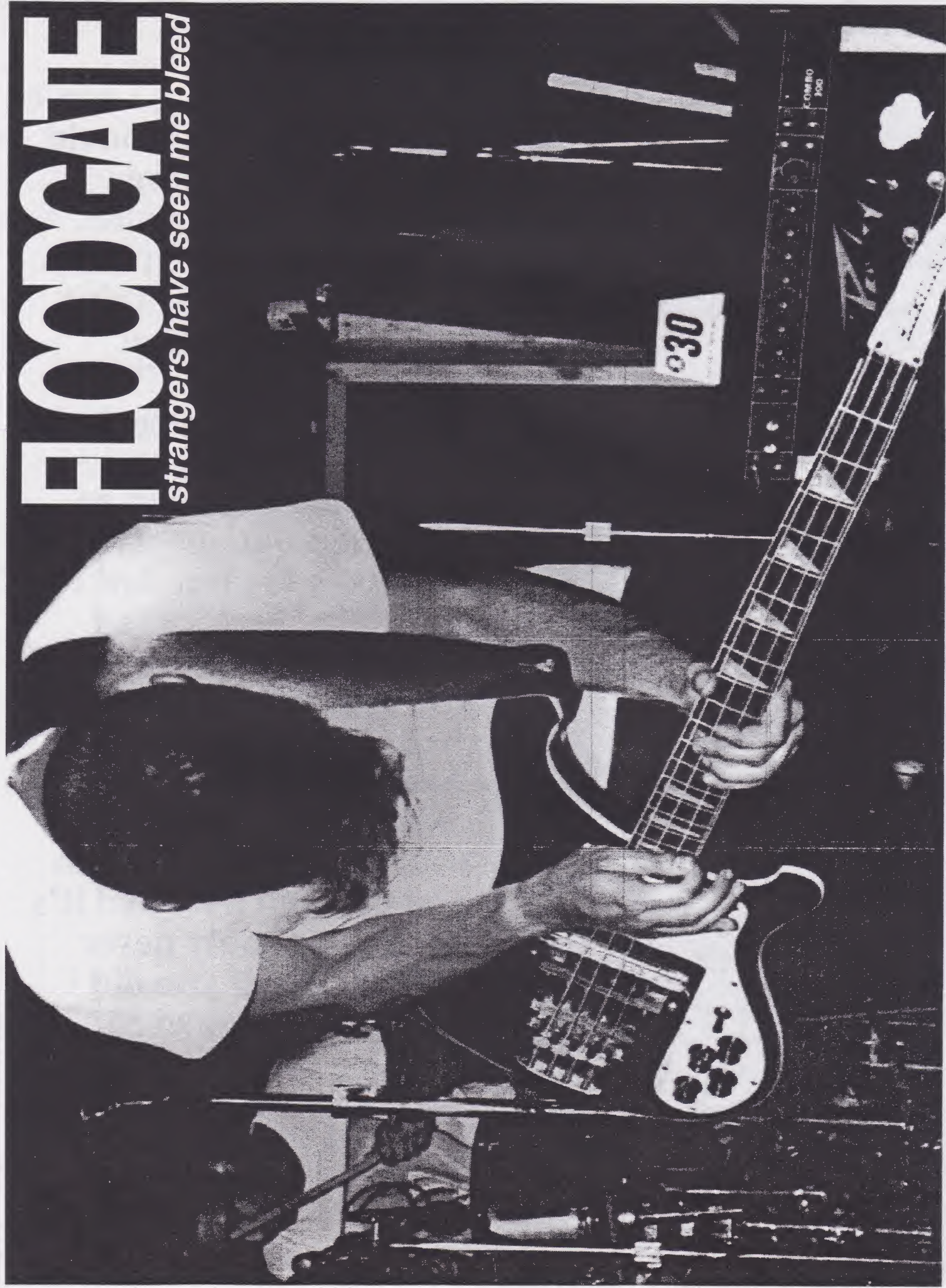


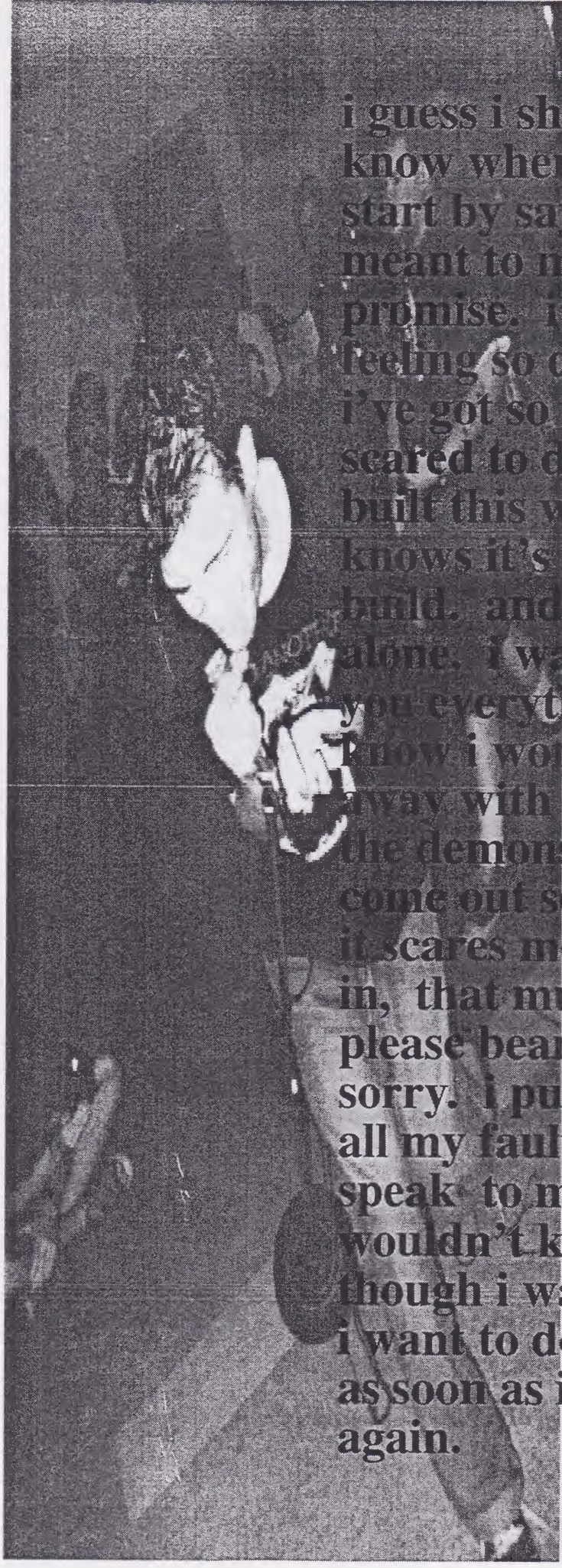
i can cope with being lonely now. i don't cry
anymore. i'm used to it. it seems natural
for me to hurt.

i would call you. i think about it everyday.
but i don't want to get on your nerves. or be
rejected. i can't make you like me. i can
only hope and pray that one day you'll want
me back.

FLOODGATE

strangers have seen me bleed





i guess i should start by saying i don't know where to start. i guess i should start by saying i'm sorry. i never meant to make you uncomfortable. i promise. i only wanted to start feeling so damn alone. i really think i've got so much to give, but i'm scared to death to let it show. i've built this wall up around me, god knows it's taken long enough to build. and now that it's up, i'm so alone. i want to come out, to give you everything i have to give, but i know i won't. i'll stay here locked away with all of my dreams and all of the demons i've created. i want to come out so bad, but everytime i do it scares me to death. so i crawl back in, that much more scared to be me. please bear with me, once again i'm sorry. i put you through a lot and it's all my fault. you'll probably never speak to me again, and if you did i wouldn't know what to say, even though i want to see you so badly. all i want to do is run away. but i know as soon as i get there i'll be so alone again.

-doug bartlett

a bead of sweat drips down
the glistening bronze body.
it hugs every curve of the
chest. as the head nods it's
approval, another burst of
energy hits and the body is
contorted into a wonderful
mixture of pleasure and
pain...skin brushing
skin...the beautiful scent of
masculinity. the sight is
almost unbearable. it's hard
to control thought...feeling.
my head is rushing with
excitement. a warm glow
emits from the mixing of
flesh. a release of sheer
ecstasy begins another
moment of rest...and the
band played on...
i love hardcore shows

silence = death



sense...if you only knew
what i felt when

...i talk to you for
hours and i still lose
myself when i'm with
you...

i'm all alone...

field



Leading you blind
upon my falling world
my hand should have been
left empty.

I led you
without eyes
into my fallen kingdom
beautiful only
in my mind's eyes.

I loved you
withought a heart,
tricking my way into yours.
Now I turn to leave this falling cell,
Lacking the door behind me,
Forgetting that you
were close behind.

I stand now with a new prisoner,
my new "love."
Through the heavy door
i whisper to you,
"i'm sorry."



i won't fall in love today
twist my heart
and throw it away
twist it hard
watch it bleed
break it open
it is freed.

...why are we getting so high. we shouldn't let ourselves go this far. it should never go this far. we are bound to fail...and fall...each fragment of the broken dream going it's own seperate direction. then it will be forever. the lie we've told each other countless times. we shouldn't have gone this far what have we done. tomorrow it will be reduced to a memory. something we'll tell the next one about. and then what will it mean?

i want to
dream...

...without
getting high.


i wish you would've told me.
i wish i would've known i
wouldn't be here tomorrow. i
wish i would've known i
wasn't the one. a step. to
better things. a toy. until the
right one comes around. i
wish you would've told me i
wasn't the right one. then
maybe i would've thought
twice before i dove. straight
into your arms.

Pain. My God, there is so much pain. i am only looking, hidden behind silent brick walls 25 inches thick - only looking, I tell you. Seeing her face and remembering sadness and an emotion called love (love is a feeling presented within the mind as an idea of escape, but it should be made known to the reader that LOVE, ladies and gentlemen, is CONSCIOUS within the authors heart even though denial and hatred are his most lavish qualities. All are liars who are writers...in other words, Mr. Dwyer: "I am a stranded man on a red ship of solitude. Help me.") The Intensity (God!) of the friction we created together. Her skin, the smell of her hair - like a summer afternoon in a field of blooming poppy, the shape of her hands, her body (why couldn't you just die?) That split-second instant before touching, that crucial moment that decided the fate of my heart - AGONIZING! I look at her breasts (nipples erect) and the secret garden concealing her vagina. "I want to make love to you," she said.


And I think maybe
I should have died
that night.
I love you,
but I don't NEED
you.

--these words
are from a letter
i recieved from
AcA






i've humiliated myself again today
i called her.
i tried to love her with great fervor,
but to her i'm a father and friend.




i stood outside her window last night.
i threw those little wood-type chips
at her window until i got her to
talk to me.



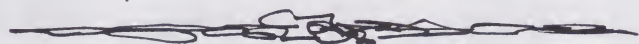
she turned me into half of what i was




she said, "i hope the neighbors call
the cops on you."
that was when i realized what had happened.
i feel less optimistic today.
sunday she loves me.
monday she doesn't.



what can a day do? i've never been
so abused by just a mere day.
can one day do that?



she's gone. the one who was as kean
and cold and precise as a surgeon.
she knew exactly how to do it.
and that was that, she knew exactly
how to hurt me.



art



and words by martin rioux

s t still life f e



Tomorrow brings...
i felt the sun, cold. burning slow...looking for all i have to
give, i found myself on the floor again. say you care. it sets
me free. a child cries inside of me. this love hurts more like
hate...we have buried ourselves in ourselves, blind. we no
longer hear eachother cry. understanding has turned to pride.
i burn myself for the feelings i've learned to hide, inside.
there's so much more than i can see. i'm lost in the thought of
everything. i feel alone in jaded times. does the child inside
you cry (to fly) to be only who we are inside? to fill our
hearts with true love for life? to feel real compassion, not
pride? to set free the love we've learned to hide, inside. still
we bathe in blood only to rinse in tears. power means
nothing. nothing more than fear... the sun shines cold. these
days are cold, and there's stains on my yesterday, holes in my
now. tomorrow brings a new day. tomorrow brings new
hope...

= still life





car vs. driver

DON'T DISAPPOINT ME
I WANT TO HOLD YOU FAR ABOVE
SHOW ME YOUR WEAKNESS
I CANNOT JUSTIFY THAT LOVE
OR RATHER ADORATION
THAT OVERBURDENS ME INSIDE
THAT FIGHTS MY BETTER JUDGEMENT
I FEEL SO ALIVE
DON'T DISAPPOINT ME
OR STOP THAT GAME INSIDE MY HEAD
TEAR DOWN THE BARRIERS
WITH THE LAYERS OF SKIN WE'VE SHED
THE BARRIERS SECURE ME
I PROTECT THEM WITH MY SILENCE
AND IT'S SO HRMLESS
I CLING TO THAT SECURE SENSE
I WANT IT SO BADLY
AN ACCEPTANCE THAT I NEVER FEEL
I STUMBLE FOR A WORD
TO MAKE THIS ALL HAVE SOME APPEAL
AND SO IT ALL BREAKS DOWN
AND IT FALLS WAY BEYOND YOUR HELP
I END UP HATING YOU
BECAUSE I HATE MYSELF.

two day romance. can you help me? take a picture before i paint over her. she is beautiful, she was everything, i miss her. last night i dreamed of her loving touch tracing my scars. she said that she would never leave and i said that i would always stay. that night you called, i stood by that phone for hours. i felt your pain thirty miles away. i was so willing to trek through the cold just for a shoulder to lean on. you told me you loved me. i told you the same. we kissed there for the first time.

- *converge*

there was going to be a photograph of *converge* right here but i gave those photos away. i stole the piece of art from their amazing lp, halo in a haystack. i would have to say the album has moved me quite a bit.

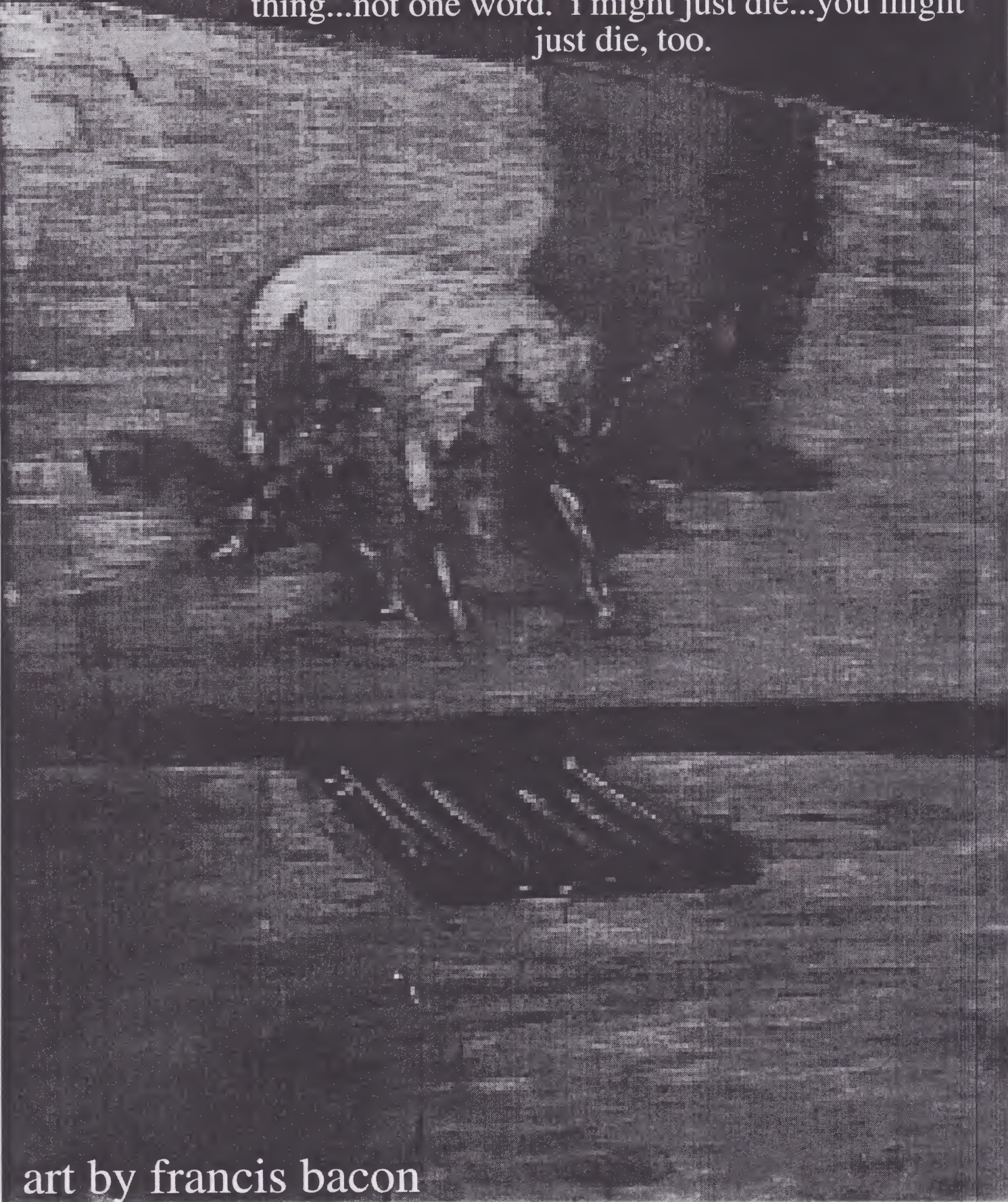
...and now what am i left with. not much more than what i started out with. nothing. i may not be a smart man but i know what love is. it's that feeling you have when you are standing in the rain...alone. loneliness is my only comfort. there will be no more zines after this one. at least not by this name. i'm done sharing this part of my life. i want something in return other than giggles and smirks. i want something more than "this is all i get for a dollar?" i want something more than your pity. i want your life. i want your existence. i want your love. i want your pain.

- *phillip dwyer*



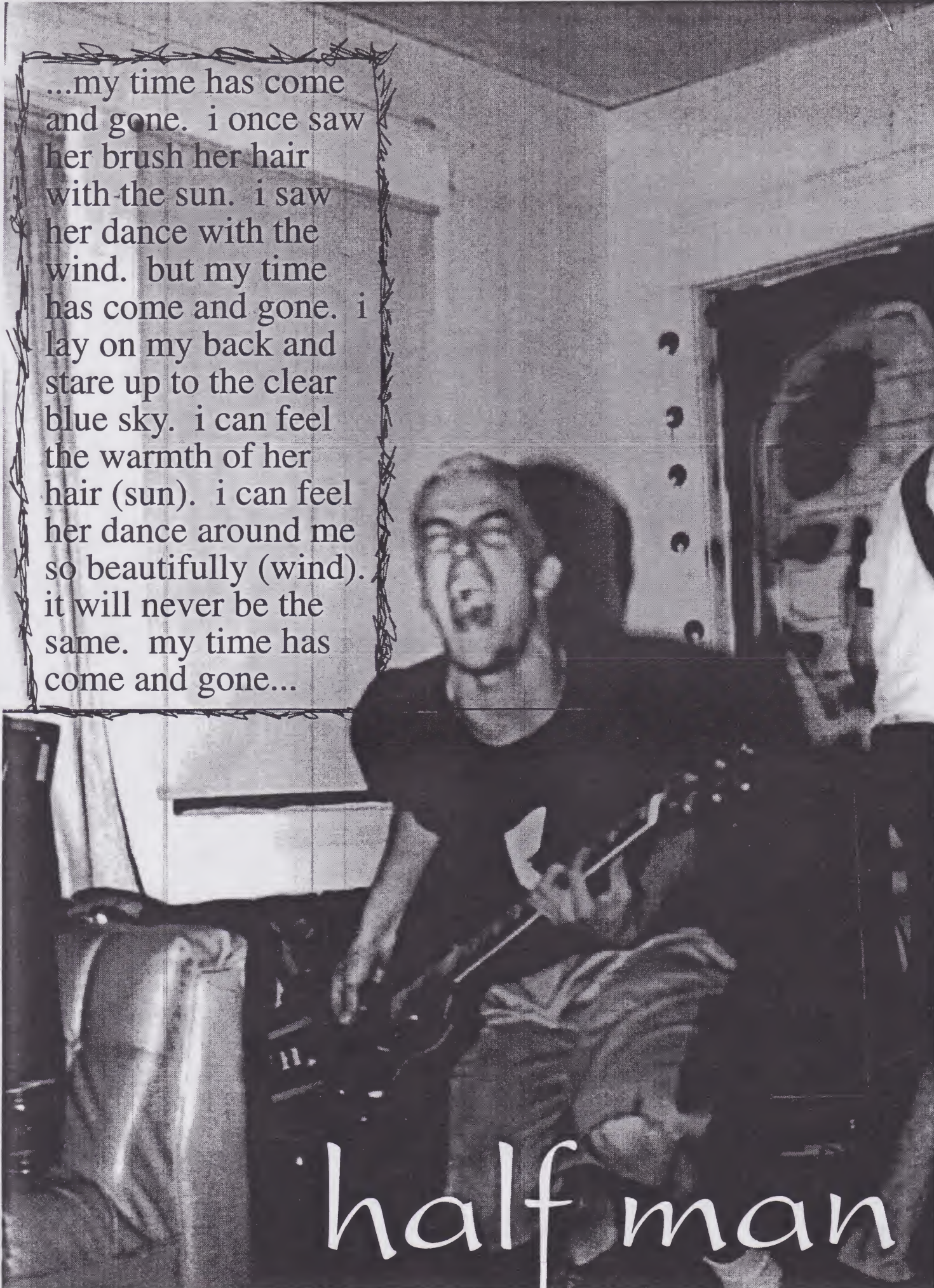
take my hand and i'll show you darkness. i'll lead you through the emptiness of my heart and soul (emotionless to the core). these mean streets have lead to many deaths. mine will only be a drop. a 21-year-solution. no more pain. nothing. i will forever be nothing. cries for salvation will not help me. you promised to save me along time ago and now see where your guiding light has brought me. i do not believe. i do not believe that this life is a learning experience for something greater. i will not believe that i was put through this on purpose to make me grow in another lifetime. one lifetime in hell is enough. i don't want to return. i am the destroyer of worlds. i am your last hope. i am death. it's getting harder and harder to breathe. the smoke is getting thick. the walls are closing in. the sky is falling. solution. i will burn for sure. hope is a four-letter word that really doesn't amount to much. where is my savior now? save me...i do not trust. i will not love. especially the one who has offered me nothing (but life). this is not alive. this is a shell. a shell of a "once great man," she said. you said. they said. i'll show you dreams. i'll show you darkness. i'll show you light. take my hand. i'll take you straight to hell. are you willing to burn for this love? aren't you sick? aren't you tired? aren't you just sick and tired of the whole thing? it really doesn't mean a damn thing to anybody. there is nothing to put my faith in. faith is just a way to make yourself feel better. it is safe. "i'm willing to die to prove there is a god, are you willing to die to prove there isn't?" i am willing to die. but not for you. not for "Him." i'm still here waiting for when the time is right. won't you lay me down to sleep? "take my hand and i'll show you the other side. trust me. love me. your sins will be wiped clean. you will be one. close your eyes and see the light." close your eyes and see death.

denial. it isn't me. what you've seen. a liar's blood pulses through
my veins a liar's voice emits from my throat. i wear the mask of
complacency while the beast is living in my mirror. be afraid....be
very afraid. there's no telling what i might do. don't believe a
thing...not one word. i might just die...you might
just die, too.



art by francis bacon

...my time has come
and gone. i once saw
her brush her hair
with the sun. i saw
her dance with the
wind. but my time
has come and gone. i
lay on my back and
stare up to the clear
blue sky. i can feel
the warmth of her
hair (sun). i can feel
her dance around me
so beautifully (wind).
it will never be the
same. my time has
come and gone...



half man

found found found...i think i've
found someone to talk to...i
think i've found someone i can
be with...i think i've found a
way to make it all better...and i
think i've found a way to see
again...i think i've found a way
to let it all out...i think i've
found a way to make it all
better...i think i've found a way
to give...i think i've found a
way to recieve...and i think i've
found a way to lose it all.

no
i am
going
to
shine.

someday i'm going to shine.